

O D E,

Sacred to the GENIUS of

H A N D E L.

By a GENTLEMAN of OXFORD.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR, AND SOLD BY J. MURRAY, IN FLEET-
STREET; AND J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.



O D E,

Sacred to the GENIUS of

H A N D E L.

I.

O! blest with more than mortal fire,
Thou who the chords with sacred fury smote,
And drew a louder and diviner note
Than e'er resounded from the lyre ;
Tho' thy bold Genius, ranging unconfined,
Enjoys at length that nobler harmony
For which on earth thy soul impatient pined,
Look down, great HANDEL, from thy native sky,

A 2

Where,

Where, kindling at thy song, Archangels glow;

Nor, while thou lead'st a brighter band on high,
Disdain to mingle with the choirs below.

II.

With ardent zeal to celebrate thy Name,

And glowing with thy own immortal flame,

To this famed Fabric an enraptur'd train
From many a distant clime their footsteps bend:

Blest spirit from the realms of day descend,

And while the swelling pæans round thee rise,
And loud and deep ascends the choral strain;

Forget the loftier airs of Paradise,

And deign to smite an earthly lyre again:
O'er mortal breasts resume thy wonted sway,
And all the wondrous powers of song display.

III.

Oh! for that energy sublime,
Which thro' thy music's bold, inspiring page,
Roll'd with the torrents over-whelming rage,
To animate this meaner rhyme —

Then,

Then, in a strain exalted as thine own,
 Should the transported muse thy praise recite ;
 With thy freed spirit take her rapid flight,
 And urge her way to heav'n's eternal throne,
 To hear that high, unutterable song,
 Which thou, and the triumphant sons of light,
 Thro' all Eternity's bright day prolong !

IV.

From thee new rage the British Genius caught,
 New rapture wing'd the Poet's soaring thought :
 Charm'd with the noble wildness of thy lyre,
 From his bright sphere astonish'd DRYDEN bends,
 Owns thy bold song his loftiest flight transcends,
 And learns to glow with more exalted fire.
 With all thy warm, energetic fancy fraught,
 The mighty soul of MILTON smiles to see
 Its vast conceptions realiz'd in thee :
 The nine-fold harmony he sung was thine ;
 While all thy spirit marks his nervous line.

But

V.

But when, beyond this mortal bound
That spirit soar'd, with how divine a swell
From the deep hollow of thy mighty shell,
Rush'd the full tide of manly found—
Rapt, fir'd, transported with th' unbounded lay,
The hearers thrill'd with holy extasy,
And in immortal pleasures died away.

Once more, oh! HANDEL, to our aid descend,
That while the loud Hosannas we prolong,
Th' eternal Sire a gracious ear may lend,
Approve our raptures, and accept the song.



(7)

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